

MRS. NAGG and MR.—

By Roy L. McCardell.

She Doesn't See Why Brother Willie Wasn't Taken to Greece.

"I MIGHT have known you were keeping something hidden from me, Mr. Nagg! You might have come out like a man and said to me, 'A lot of American athletes are going to Greece, but your brother Willie shall not go if I can prevent it!'"

"Why didn't you say it, Mr. Nagg, why didn't you say it, instead of acting in the underhand manner you have acted?"

"An ocean voyage would have done Brother Willie good, and he might have come back from those games rich and famous. He's almost making his own living now playing pool in the pool-rooms, and he is so fond of horse-racing and cuts out all the records of the horses and how fast they can run and what races they have won, just as they are printed in the sporting papers!"

"Those American athletes would have been so proud to have Brother Willie go with them, and now it's too late, and I never thought of it till I read about the ship sailing away in the morning papers!"

"You might have used your influence, you know a lot of politicians and Wall street men, and have secured a place with those American athletes for Brother Willie. You will do nothing to get him a position just because you have obtained a few positions for him, and he wouldn't stay where he wasn't well paid and wasn't treated with deference."

"You have a cousin who is manager for a firm, but do you attempt to get Brother Willie a place as manager for a firm? No, you do not!"

"Your cousin worked his way up from office boy in twenty years, you say? Well, what else could you expect of him? But Brother Willie will not take positions that are mental and where his proud spirit will be chafed by people ordering him around! And as for accusations against him that he held out money anywhere, as he explained, that was all a mistake."

"In a moment of forgetfulness he put the firm's money in his own pocket several times, but when he explained and you returned the money, that should have been sufficient, and when Brother Willie came home and complained bitterly of how unjustly he was treated and said he was discharged, I gloried in his pride when he told me that he would never go back to work in such a place!"

"Of course, you took sides against him. But that's because he is my brother. If he had been a relative of yours you would have had nothing but praise for him, like you have for that fresh cousin of yours! Who is Oswald Nagg, your cousin, that he should sneer at a mere boy of twenty-six, like Brother Willie? Oswald Nagg was only an office boy! Can you deny it, you cannot!"

"I come of a genteel family that never soiled their hands with labor, but little did I think I would have you throw up to me the sayings and doings of your family!"

"They have never done anything for us except to make trouble, and that's why I won't have any of them coming to this house! And if you think more of your people than you do of your own wife, why don't you go and live with them?"

"Brother Willie belongs to the Jolly Pallbearers. His friends are of the very best. You never try to get him a position, nor did you try to get him included in this trip to Greece with the American athletes!"

"He would have been such a help to them, telling them what to do, oh, do not smile! He goes out to athletic clubs and acts as second to his friends who are competing in athletic contests! He loves to go to baseball games, too!"

"He is an American, and he is an athlete. He isn't strong enough to do any hard work, and you should have got him a position to go to Greece as an American athlete!"

"To do what, you ask? Never you mind, Mr. Nagg, Brother Willie would have been of great value to them, but you do not appreciate him just because he is my brother!"

HEART and HOME PAGE for WOMEN

Edited by Nixola Greeley Smith

A Novelty in Breach of Promise.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

A NOVELTY in breach of promise suits was introduced this week when the father of a Trenton (N. J.) belle joined in her position for damages, claiming \$5,000 for himself as compensation for his daughter's time and services while the three years' courtship was going on. Occasionally a more or less original father has grumbled over the jump in the gas bill occasioned by the late calls of the favored young man. Up in Montreal, a year or so ago, a thrifty parent actually brought suit for four years of gas bills against a suitor who changed his mind, but an unforgiving jury refused to see his claim.

Jersey justice, however, may take another view of the situation and by awarding damages to the injured father cut off the last avenue of escape from the vacillating male. Indeed, at first glance this looks like a knockout for the man who doesn't know his own mind, or knows it so well that he wants to change it. But there is hope.

New Jersey turns her face away, but Massachusetts smiles. For, according to a decision of her courts the other day, the right of a wife to sue another woman for alienation of her husband's affections is established. Hitherto the law has not considered a man's affections worth fighting for, inasmuch as it has not appeared willing to mult another woman for taking them away.

The husband has always been able, provided he was sufficiently foolish, to bring an alienation suit. But the fact that Massachusetts conceals the wife a similar right proves that the law is willing to assess a man's affections as actually worth real money.

Alimony, which was always with us, of course represents loss of support, not affection. So it will be a consolation for mankind to realize that those irascible, envenomed feelings of theirs have a legal value. And perhaps in this may be found solace for the threatening prospect of fathers turning a profitable penny in their daughters' breach of promise suits.

The identification in the feminine mind of money as balm for wounded feelings is as universal as it is illogical. I remember being very much interested not long ago in the case of a sixteen-year-old immigrant girl who had been most shamefully treated by a man, who took her away from an employment agency under pretense of engaging her as a servant for his wife.

She told me an unspeakable story with great volubility, and when I asked her what she would like to have done to the man if he were caught, she drew a pencil and scribbled something in her native tongue, which I thought must at least be a request to have him drawn and quartered, boiled in oil or buried at the stake.

But when I had her supposed anathema translated it read: "He must give me \$2,000!"

This strange association of money and injured feelings is surprisingly general from Judy O'Grady to the Colonel's lady-up or down, as you choose to view it. The law recognizes and justifies it. But I don't think it ought to let father "bust in."

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

Belmont Potatoes.
Boil four good-sized potatoes, and when cold chop rather fine. Rub together one tablespoonful of salt and a dash of pepper. Mix this sauce with the potatoes and pour all into a greased baking dish, turning in gradually four tablespoonfuls of grated American cheese. Bake until a golden brown in a quick oven.

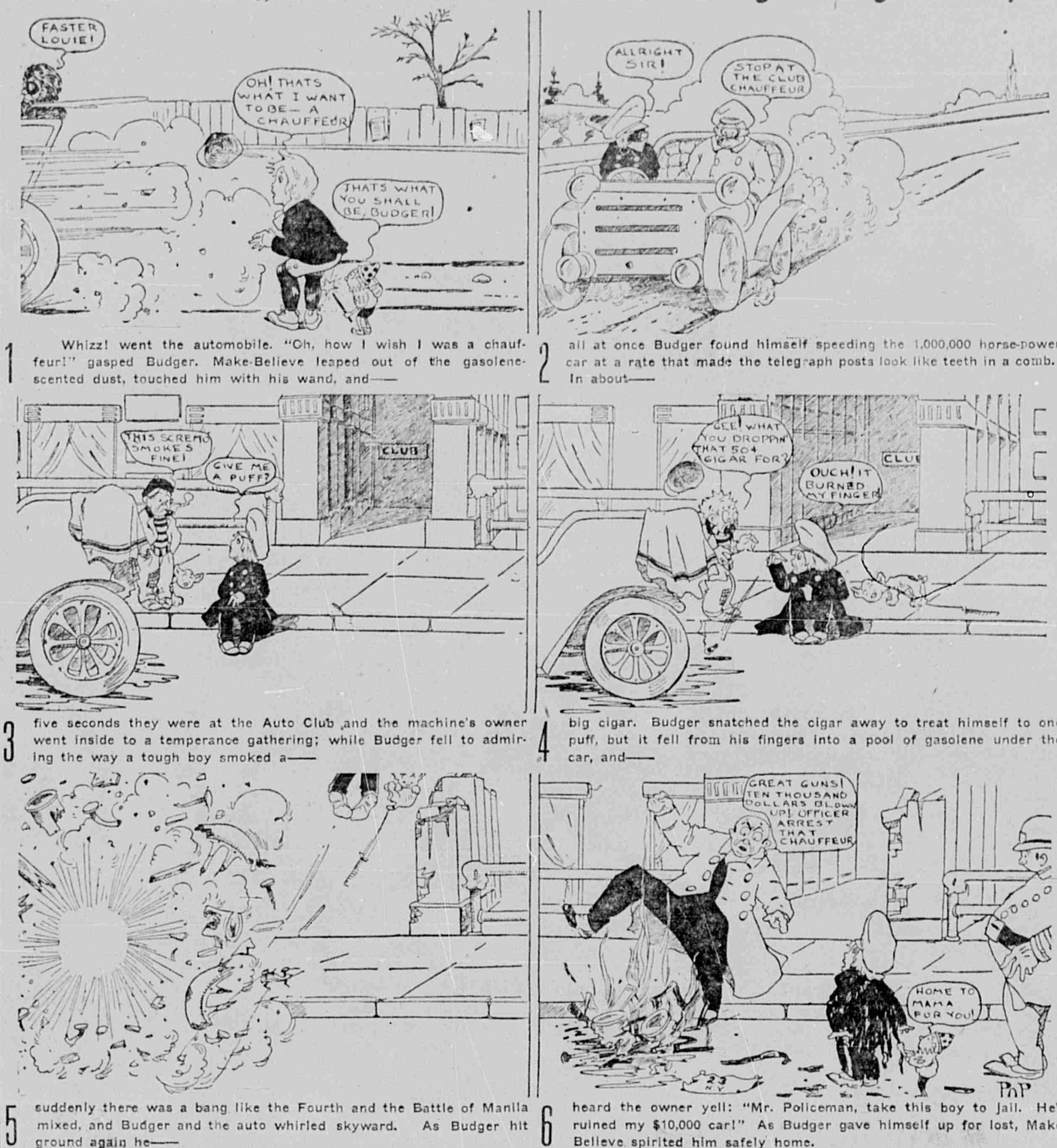
Tomato Cheese.
Mix together one pound of soft butter and a cupful of strained tomato juice. The best way of "straining" soft cheese is to pass it through a cloth bag or press it through a colander.

through a coarse sieve. Season the mixture with one teaspoonful of salt, a sprinkling of paprika and a cup of soft breadcrumbs. Pour the mixture into a greased pan and bake until smooth and creamy. Serve on toasted crackers.

Honey Candy.

Put one cup of strained honey, one-fourth cup granulated sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of vinegar, half teaspoonful of soda, and a dash of salt in a saucepan. Put honey and sugar to boil, add butter and vinegar. Boil until brittle when dropped into cold water. Add soda, taking care the candy does not turn green. Your large shallow pan, boil over.

BUDGER, the "Want-to-Be" Boy—By "Pop"



In and Out of the Theatres

I F Bernard Shaw were here he might see "Man and Superman" on wheels at the circus in Madison Square Garden—Tanner running the machine and Ann doing "high and lofty" acrobatics without the aid of a fender. It's the same story, reduced to mechanics and the news that carries most of us through the world. Reference to Shaw may suggest "The Limit," but it's neither that nor "The Dip of Death." It's an around-the-ring act that is the real novelty of this year's Harum & Bailey show. Like all automobile affairs, it begins simply enough. The man takes the responsibility and the lady takes the air. They might be advertising a machine for all that happens at first. The lady is wreathed in smiles and several yards of blue velvet. The man watches the curves. But presently you are watching the lady's particular kind. There are any number of things going on in the three rings, but none of them equals the lady's curves. She stops at nothing, not even at standing on her head, while the automobile goes merrily on. She is an audacious Ann, and she makes the other exhibitions look like a waste of time. In the end, the tankard Tanner imagines he carries her off, but the fact of the matter is she carries him off to loud applause. It's clever—and delightfully modern.

THE circus emphasizes the fact that this has been a great season for dramatic automobiles. The gasoline wagon has carried one young woman to stardom, turned "Bedford's Hope" into a gold mine, and helped more than one playwright over a rocky road. After another season, however, the bonks' honks drama will probably be driven into the repair shop. It will have been its day. And then what? The Airship is the only answer to the question.

RADHA has danced into print. In the Broadway Magazine Miss Ruth St. Dennis tells the story of her life. Here's an early chapter: "The good people of Somerville, N. J., dubbed the inmates of the old manor house, as our place was called, 'runder folk.' We were supposed to 'put on airs.' It was known that we had a piano and a room given up to books, and yet our purchases at the butcher's and baker's were far below the average. In fact, it was no uncommon sight to see the little girl who played the piano and read the books carry a basket of water-cresses and early vegetables to barter them at the store for sugar and flour. Such doings were incomprehensible to the villagers, and for years we were

left unvisited by our neighbors. The spell was only broken when, a farmer bleeding to death, my father carried my invalid mother in his arms to his bedside, where she bound up the wound and saved the man's life. Since then Somerville has taken us to its heart and watches my career with affectionate solicitude.

"My only companions, then, during my childhood, were my mother and father; my only relaxations the library and the big garden. I would pore for hours over some volume of metaphysics and then, running to the garden, stand entranced before the sensuous beauty of a rose swaying on its stem. There was never a time I did not conceive fragrance and color to music and motion. The crimson and gold of sunset was the march of a victorious regiment with beating of drums and waving of pennants. Whatever I felt I attempted crudely to express by a sort of pantomimic dance.

"When I was entering into lanky girlhood my mother, whose health had improved, was induced to visit an old college friend in New Haven. The Delaware movement was then at its height, and me and mother went through the course under one of its most distinguished exponents, Miss. Rote. To a woman of my mother's calibre the great underlying principles of Delaware were of paramount importance. She returned to the old manor house enthusiastic and convinced that to all thought belongs the expressive gesture, and she at once set about imparting her newly acquired knowledge to her lanky young daughter, who sat on the edge of chairs to disguise the undue length of her legs and arms."

JOHN DREW, who will appear next season in Pinner's "His House in Order," will close his present season April 23 and shortly after sail for London to meet Charles Frohman there. Mr. Drew's fifteenth starring season under Mr. Frohman's management begins September 1 at the Empire Theatre.

CHARLES DARTON.

THE HELMET OF NAVARRE.

If you enjoy a stirring romance of love, war, adventure and mystery do not fail to read "The Helmet of Navarre" by Bertha Runkle. This great novel will begin in next Monday's Evening World.

CHANGED.

When he was counting her he called her "dear" and "darling Sue." But when they're wad, he only calls her "Say" or "Hi" there, you. —Philadelphia Press.

The Treason of the Lady Fr'en's.

Charles R. Barnes.

ON the 17th of July, 1905, Miss Berenice Halby was chosen by Clarence Tenique, in convention assembled at Atlantic City, to represent his judgment in femininity, for some time to come. While Berenice, with the reluctance of her sex, made no rash promises, she committed herself in this wise: She guaranteed an open-door after 8 P. M. to her residence in Harlem.

It was during the evening of the 23d of December, 1905, that he suggested, up-to-date:

"They're going to give me a \$10 raise on the first of the year. Can you see it, little girl—furnished flat, and the wedding presents to remind you of our set?"

Moving her hand as one who pushes chips to the centre of the table, she murmured dreamily:

"I'm in."

But now the all-powerful hand of "the system" is noticed marking the figures 23 on the blackboard of destiny. If destiny has no blackboard it ought to have one. Backed by a mighty influence the system sought to betray Clarence Tenique by corrupting and diverting his chosen representative in the Harlem household.

And this blighting influence was none other than Sir. Appleby, who has bachelor apartments in the swell Plaza de la Foreplushe, Riverside Drive, and Empty Umph street. The system? Know it then, as the Allied Interests, Pa, ma and Aunt Lizzie!

The system tempted Berenice Halby, and she fell. It is no secret among insiders that for its a week madame money, and that lovely green dress in the Sixth avenue store window, the woman was bribed to tin-can Clarence Tenique!

What resulted from this iniquity is history—shameful history. The house in Harlem is talked about by the neighbors, but its people are apathetic. They do not care. Openly and unblushingly a marriage exists now between Sir. Appleby and the person who had sworn to keep faith with a poor but fairly honest party.

Treason? Yes. It is wicked, rank treason! Do the people realize it? Ask the people. Watch them as they observe Berenice Halby—Appleby speed past in her 90 h.p. French automobile. Hear them mutter:

"Where did she get it?"

"They know. It is no secret among insiders, but it's a shame! The system"—of which Pa, ma and Aunt Lizzie are merely the agents—"the system," I repeat, perpetrate this sort of thing! The poor man has no chance.

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MR. NUNBUT, THE BRAVE: He Deserves the Fair.

By F. G. Long.



HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

A Hair Stain.

C-Here is a good old stain to restore the natural color of the hair which has given satisfaction. Use as directed: Sugar lead, 2 ounce; lac sugar, 12 ounce; essence of bergamot, 2 ounce; alcohol, 2 gill; glycerine, 3 ounce; tincture of a n a n a r i d e s, 1-2 ounce; ammonia, 10 ounce. Mix all in one pint of soft water. Apply to the roots of the hair, which must be clean.

Cause of Boils.

R. M. A.—It is conceded by good authority that the cause of boils is unknown. They sometimes attack the overfed, and, again, are the unwelcome guests of the starved and anemic. I would advise your consulting your physician, as he will diagnose your case and know just what to do for you.

Chestnut Shade of Hair.

M. R. E. K.—If you do not like the chestnut shade of hair try half peroxide and half water in rinsing your hair. It will bring back the blond shade you have lost.

BETTY'S BALM FOR LOVERS.

All perplexed young people can obtain expert advice on their tangled love affairs by writing Betty. Letters for her should be addressed to BETTY, Evening World, Post-Office box 1,354, New York.

Her Parents Say "Wait."

Dear Betty: I AM a young girl nineteen years of age, and I am in love with a young man two years my senior. I know this man when I went to school, and he was a very nice boy. I have loved him ever since.

It doesn't do any harm to wait if he is willing. But you are old enough to marry.

By all means give it back since the young man has asked for it.

salary, as he gets \$40 a week. He has no bad habits, is a rather smart young fellow. Do you think I should wait till I am older, as my parents say?

It doesn't do any harm to wait if he is willing. But you are old enough to marry.

By all means give it back since the young man has asked for it.

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May Manton's Daily Fashions.

THE blouse that is made in lingerie style is a pronounced and well deserved favorite and is to be found in the pretty thin silk and wool materials as well as in lawn, batiste, and the like. This one is trimmed after an entirely novel fashion, giving most becoming lines to the figure, and is shown in a handkerchief lawn with trimming of Valenciennes lace and embroidery executed by hand, the lining being omitted. When silk or wool is used, however, the foundation will be found as improvement. The embroidery gives an extraordinary chic and dainty touch, but where it is not possible to expend the time required, little medallions of either lace or embroidery can be substituted for the handwork, exceedingly charming ones being offered on all sides. The Valenciennes lace is a pronounced favorite both for Cluny and baby.

Tucked Blouse or Shirt Waist—Pattern No. 5325. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 3-4 yards 21-24 inches wide, or 2 yards 44 inches wide, with 1-4 yards of embroidery or trim as illustrated.

Pattern No. 5325 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure.

How to obtain these patterns: Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.